

NO. 15
FEBRUARY

IND.



MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
COMIC
BOOK
AUTHORITY

HERBIE

12¢

SO HELP ME,
I'LL BOP HIM
WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPOP!

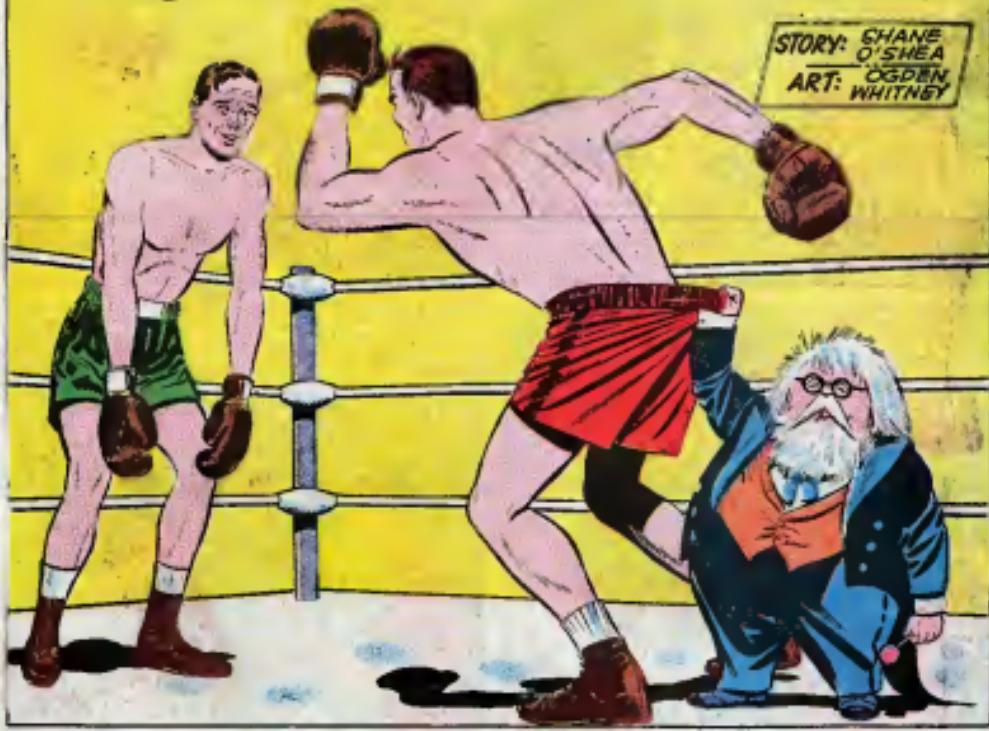
IN THIS HOWL-
HAPPY ISSUE:-
**'CALL ME
SCHLEMIEHL!'**
...and **"HERBIE
GOES NAP-
HAPPY!"**

PTOOEY!
PHOO!



"SCHLEMIEHL... FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK MEANING SCHLEMIEHL... A SQUARE-TYPE JERK WITH KOOKEY OVERTONES!" GOT IT, BUSTER? THEN LET'S LEAP ABOARD THE YUK-YUK TRUCK WITH THE ONE AND ONLY HERBIE! DESTINATION 87,216 BELLY-LAFFS IN THE HOWL STORY WE'VE NAMED...

"Call me SCHLEMIEHL!"



STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY

WASHINGTON, D.C. A GREAT MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF HERBIE POPNECKER...

...AND THIS MEDAL IS BEING AWARDED TO **HERBIE** FOR BRAVERY, COURAGE, GUTS AND MOXIE, NOT TO MENTION LIBERAL QUANTITIES OF THE OL' RAZZMETAZZ!

THANKS, VICE-PRESIDENT HUMPHREY. DESERVE IT.



PUFF! ... SURE, MAYBE IT'S GREAT THING BEING **HERBIE POPNECKER**, READER, BUT NOT ALWAYS SO EASY ON ACCOUNT I **WORRY!** TELL YOU ABOUT MY GREATEST WORRY RIGHT NOW...



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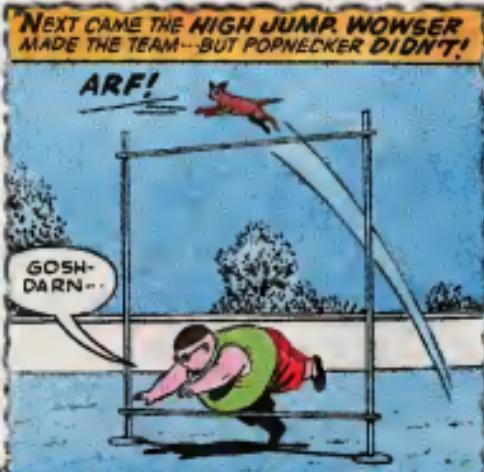
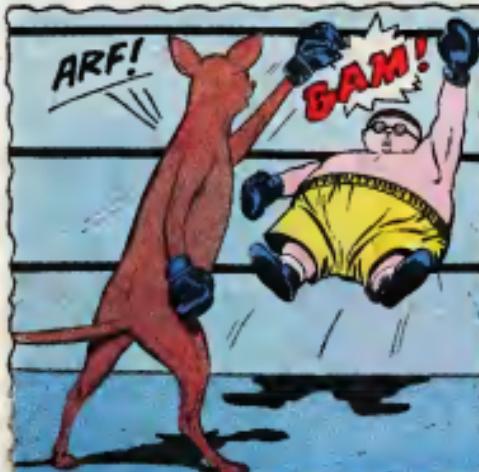
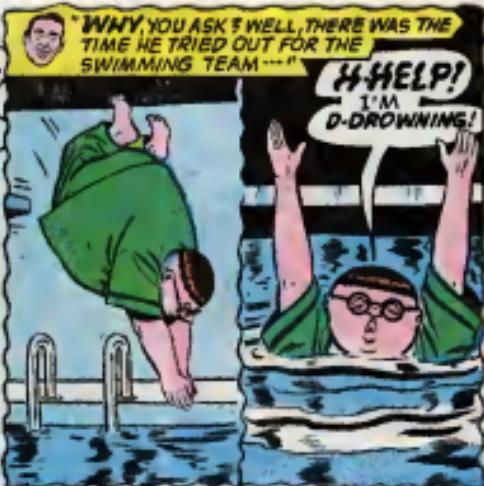


UH-HUH...HE WAS JEALOUS!
THAT'S WHY HE DECIDED TO
STEAL MY THUNDER AND
TRY OUT FOR EVERY TEAM
I WAS ON....
REMEMBER,
SCHLEMIEHL?

WHAT
GIVES WITH
SCHLEMIEHL
BUSINESS?
WHY'D YOU
CALL HIM
SCHLEMIEHL?

"WHY, YOU ASK? WELL, THERE WAS THE
TIME HE TRIED OUT FOR THE
SWIMMING TEAM...."

H-HELP!
I'M
D-DROWNING!



-- AND
THEN--
HAW-
HAW...
IN THE
MILE
RUN...

NEVER MIND,
NEVER MIND!
THANK GOSH
THAT AWFUL
LITTLE POOCH
ISN'T AROUND
ANYMORE!

SEZ
WHO,
BY
CRACKY?

G-GOOD
GRIEF...
WOWSER!

AND WHO
ARE YOU
CALLIN' A
POOCH,
SCHLEMIEHL
POPNECKER?

YEE-OWW!



AFTER DINNER... PUD BIMBO INSISTED ON
HELPING MOM WITH THE DISHES--

REMEMBER WHEN WE USED
TO BE... **SWEETHEARTS**? UH
... DON'T YOU THINK I'M **STILL**
A PRETTY HANDSOME GUY? AND I'M
AS GREAT AN ATHLETE AS EVER--JUST
AS YOUNG AND
STRONG AS
WHEN YOU
THOUGHT I
WAS SOME-
THING
SPECIAL!



WELL, I'VE GOT SOMETHING
TO TELL YOU--I LIKE YOU
JUST AS MUCH NOW AS I
DID THEN! TOO BAD
YOU'RE STUCK WITH
A **SCHLEMIEHL**...

W-WHAT!
SCHLEMIEHL,
AM I?



I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THAT I CAN DO ANY-
THING BETTER THAN
YOU! YOU NAME IT
AND I'LL PROVE
IT!

OKAY. **BOXING**,
SWIMMING, **MILE**
JUMP, **HIGH JUMP**!
I'LL MEET YOU IN
ALL THOSE--



...UNLESS YOU
WANT TO ADMIT
BEFORE YOUR WIFE
THAT YOU'RE **TOO**
CHICKEN TO GO
THROUGH WITH
IT!

GULP! I--I--I'LL
GO THROUGH WITH
IT, AI-AI-AI! I'LL
SHOW YOU, I--I
THINK--

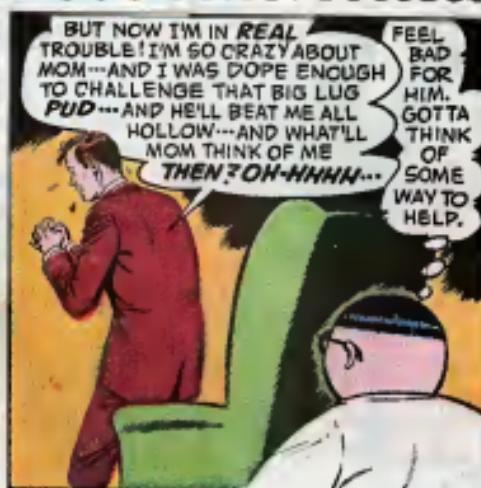
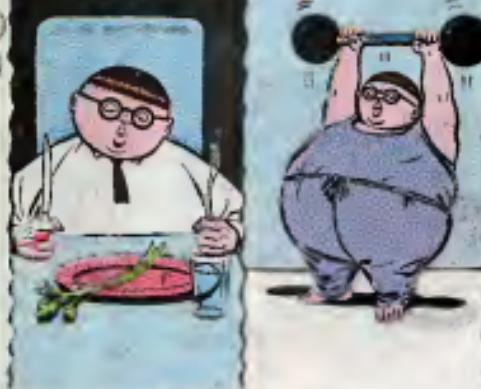


NOW DAD HAD SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
ALL RIGHT--

NOBODY EVER GIVES ME ANY
CREDIT! NEVER GAVE ME ANY
CREDIT FOR WHAT I CHANGED
MYSELF INTO--HOW I
MANAGED TO RISE
ABOVE BEING
A LITTLE FAT
NOTHING...

"OH, HOW
I DIETED..."

"AND OH, HOW I
EXERCISED..."



MEANWHILE, PUD WANTED PUBLICITY. HE GAVE OUT A PRESS INTERVIEW...

THAT'S RIGHT-- POPNECKER HAS AGREED THAT THE RECEIPTS OF OUR BOXING MATCH BE DONATED TO PEEPWHISTLE PREP. TO BUILD A NEW SCHOOL OF MUSIC. AND DEAN WHIFFENPOOFERI OF THE MUSIC FACULTY HAS GRACIOUSLY CONSENTED TO ACT AS REFEREE!

JUST BEFORE THE BIG FIGHT
... DEAN WHIFFENPOOFERI
WAS TRAINING FOR HIS

DEAN WHIFFENPOOFERI REFEREE, EH?
MAKE SURE
TO SEE
HIM BEFORE
FIGHT.

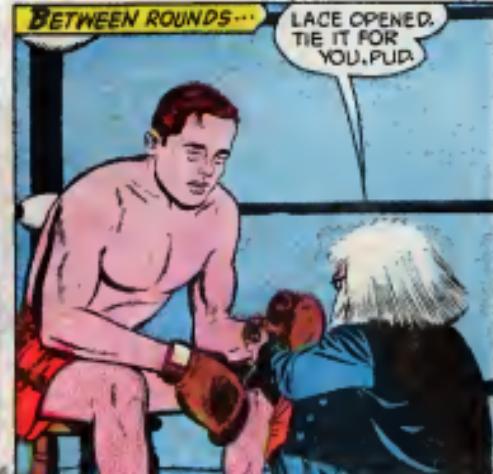
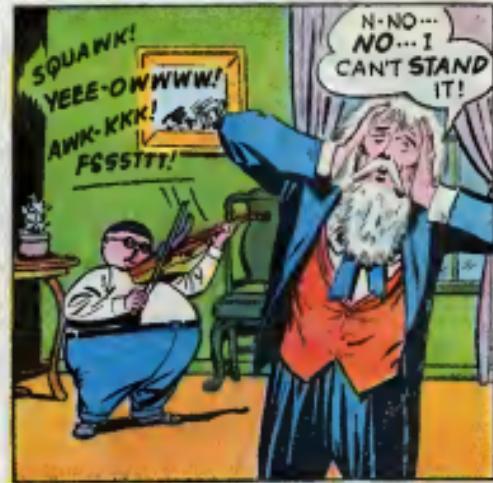
DUTIES AS REFEREE
BY PLAYING HIS
VIOLIN...

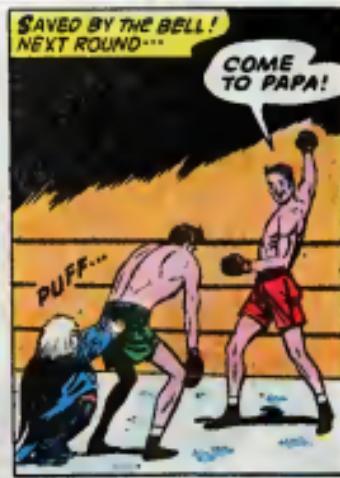
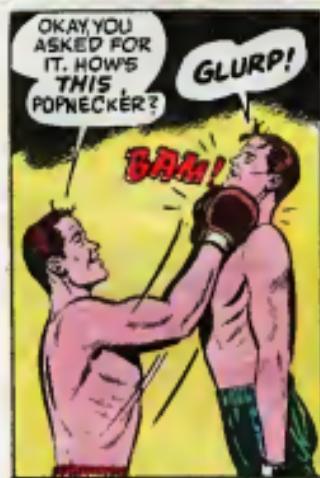
PARDON.
LIKE TO BORROW
VIOLIN FOR
SECOND...

WANT TO PLAY
FOR YOU. MIGHT
BE GREATEST
VIOLINIST IN
WORLD. -- YOU
WOULDN'T WANT
TO BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR NOT DISCOVER-
ING ME, WOULD
YOU?

YOU'VE GOT
A POINT THERE,
ALL RIGHT,
GO AHEAD
... SHOW
ME!









WANNA CHALLENGE
---CASSIUS CLAY,
SONNY LISTON, FLOYD
P-PATTERSON! FIGHT
---ALL THREE OF 'EM
---ONE TIME!

I'LL GET YOU IN THE
SWIMMING RACE,
SO HELP ME!

THE SWIMMING RACE...

WELL START THE RACE FROM HERE,
AND THE FIRST TO SWIM BACK TO
SHORE IS THE WINNER, SEE? IT'S
SIMPLE --- JUST TEN MILES OUT!

T-TEN...
MILES?
GULP!!

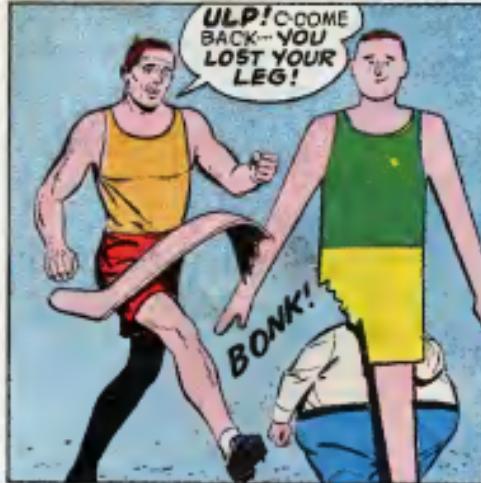


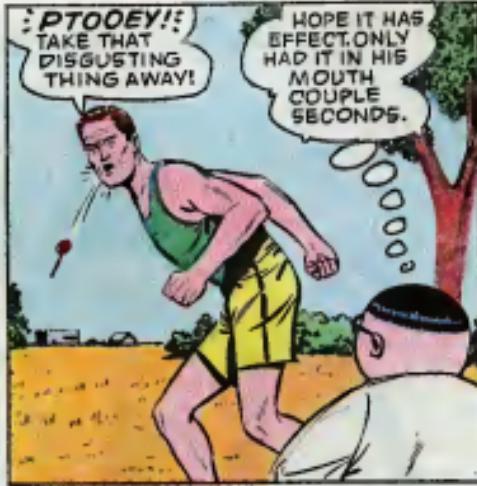
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AT THAT RATE, KNOW WHERE
HE'S GOING TO WIND UP GOT
TO GO AFTER HIM--SEE THAT
HE DOESN'T GET INTO TROUBLE
AND BRING HIM BACK. MEANS
ANOTHER DISGUISE, SO I
DON'T GIVE
MYSELF
AWAY.

THAT--THAT'S A
PLANET DOWN
THERE--AND I'M
F-FALLING!

PLANET
GOOFUS.

ALTITUDE:
PLENTY, JACK!
WATCH
OUT FOR
DINOSAURS!

THUD!

WOSSAMATTER--
YA CAN'T READ?
WATCH OUT FOR
DINOSAURS,
IT SEZ!

OWOOOOOO!

NO USE RUNNING
--YA CAN'T GET
AWAY! I'M A SPECIAL
SCHLEMIEL-
EATING DINOSAUR!

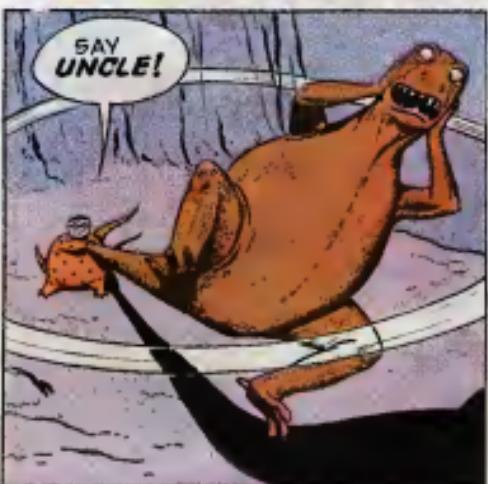
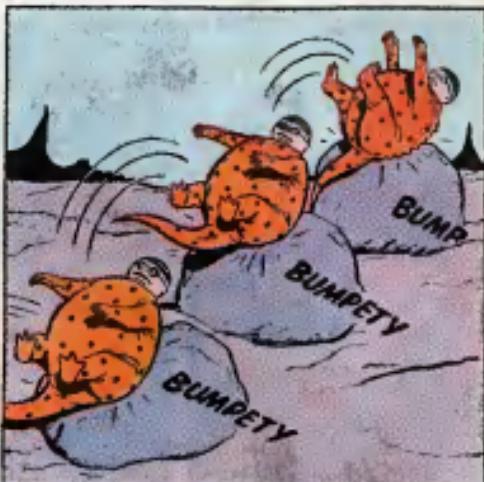
H-HELP
ME, SOME-
BODY!

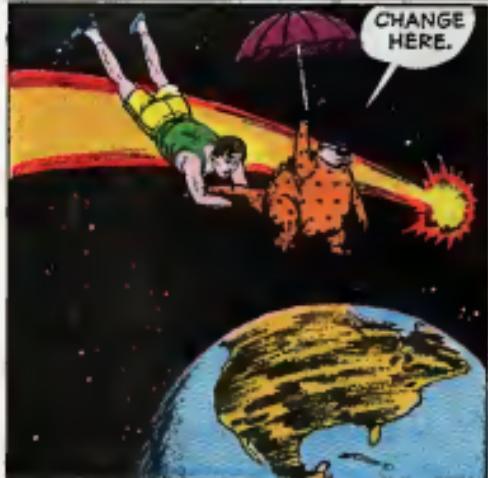
SOMEBODY
WAS CALLING
IT

LISTEN, BUSTER--
I'M A SCHLEMIEL-
EATING DINOSAUR
AND YOU LOOK PRETTY
SCHLEMIELLY
TO ME!

PUT YOUR
POWER WHERE
YOUR MOUTH IS.
COME OUT
FIGHTING.







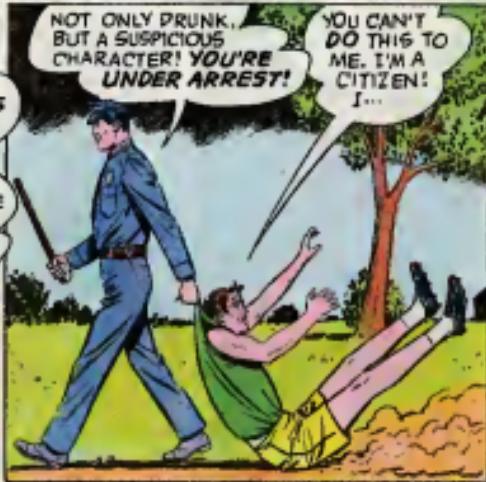
WELL--DAD NEVER DID THINGS THE EASY WAY--

HOW'D YOU COME HERE, MAC? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, HUH?

EVERYTHING'S PERFECTLY NORMAL, OFFICER. I JUST HIGH-JUMPED 153 MILLION MILES UP TO THE P-PLANET GOOFUS ***AND--AND THERE WAS THIS SCHLEMIEHL-EATING DINOSAUR UP THERE... AND ALONG CAME THIS OTHER DINOSAUR, THE FAT ONE WITH THE G-GLASSES...AND WE LEFT ON THE 5:23 COMET--

NOT ONLY DRUNK, BUT A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. I'M A CITIZEN! I--



OKAY, MISTER, YOU CAN GO. YOUR WIFE HERE JUST PAID YOUR BAIL...

I KNEW SHE WOULD! AFTER ALL, A CHAMP LIKE ME IS WORTH HAVING AROUND! ANY WOMAN WOULD BE LUCKY TO HAVE ME!

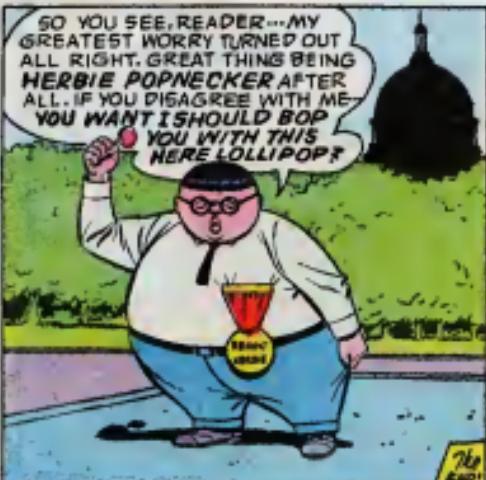
WELL... SO I'M LUCKY TO HAVE YOU. AM I ALL OF A SUDDEN YOURE A LOUD-MOUTH, JUST LIKE THAT AWFUL PUD BIMBO! I CAN'T STAND HIM AND I NEVER COULD... AND NOW I CAN SEE THAT YOURE NO BETTER!

AW, MOM--PUN-LEEZE!

WHY DO YOU THINK I DROPPED HIM BACK IN SCHOOL AND TURNED TO YOU--BECAUSE YOU USED TO BE MODEST! I LIKED THE OLD YOU--NOT THIS NEW MODEL!

YOU'VE TURNED INTO!

I--I TAKE IT ALL BACK! HONEST, I'M STILL THE OLD SWEETHEART YOU KNEW--I'VE JUST BEEN TRYING TO IMPRESS YOU!





HERE'S HERBIE!



In good mood today, fans. Just hopped beejopers out of dopey Editor and all's right with world. Even you readers look good to me. That's why am bringing you this special issue. Better than you deserve, but am good-natured sort of slob. *"Call Me Schlemiel"* different from anything ever read before. Better. Magnificent. Called in accountants, who report 7,316 howls per page. Demand minimum of 7,316 howls from each and every fan reading story. Otherwise, guarantee to go bop-crazy and subtract teeth from everyone falling below this minimum. Demand letters from all you readers reporting on laugh totals. Address mail to *"Herbie"*, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. And before going on to review kind of mail I've been getting, have special announcement. All set? Well, don't dare miss *"Herbie"* No. 16 March issue, due on newsstands about middle of January. One and only *"Fat Fury"* due back in laff-action humdinger. Greatest costume-hero of all time, right? What else? So see him poop into action in tooth-chattering yarn called *"Don't Mess Around With The Fat Fury!"* Read it while you still have tooth left to chatter. Now let's get on with mail.

"Dear Herbie:

I think your mag is great! But I feel you should have more on the costumed *'Fat Fury'* stories. What gets me is how you can get mad, but never change your facial expression. At school (Nash Jr. High), I, too, am called the *'Fat Fury'*. If you get mad at this, I'm sorry. But I tell them that I'm *Fat Fury The Second*—and that Herbie Popnecker is the first and original *Fat Fury*! From *Fat Fury* No. 2 to *Fat Fury* No. 1—

—Steve Causey,
514 Oakview Drive, Smyrna, Georgia."

*Sure my mag's great—goes without saying. Could have more *"Fat Fury"* stories, but don't want to spoil you fans. Don't want to change facial expression—very handsome the way it is. Not mad because they call you *Fat Fury*—after all, am fatter and more furious than you.*

"Dear Herbie:

I was just looking over the book where you take a course in being a super-hero. You shouldn't take lessons from them—they should take lessons from you. You are undoubtedly the world's fattest hero. My mother likes you, my brother thinks you are the greatest, my dad likes you—and most of all, I like you! The story I liked best was *'Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster'*. Herbie, you are supercalafragalisticexpialadocious. In other words, the greatest. Your hook is worth a billion times more than the 12c it costs. The Fat Fury's costume is the living end. Why don't you have a duel with one of the superheroes? The biggest Herbie-lover in the world—

—Mark Relovsky,

3153 East 65, Cleveland, Ohio 44127."

Am now giving lessons in being costume hero, Mark. Gladly teach you. Demand pay in lollipops. Carload lots, please. Want to tell you that everybody likes me, discretion being greater part of valor. Even I like me, because—frankly—I am bit scared of me. Again, frankly, book not worth billion times more than its cost. Trillion more like it. Reason why no duel with super-heroes is because they're too chicken.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

In *'Lookit All The Herbies'*, 4 Herbies came out of the Scanner Ray. So how come we see 5 of them behind the real Herbie in page five, picture 5?

—Edna Peden,
Rte. 6, Dalton, Georgia 30720."

Don't look gift horse in mouth, Edna. You get extra Herbie, right? So how lucky can you get?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

The 11th issue (August) of *'Herbie'* was magnificent! *'Christopher Columbus Popnecker'* surpassed all other *'Herbie'* stories in plot, origin and art. Now I realize that our history books are wrong, and am dying to

read the next issue. 'Herbie' is tops with me! I have a suggestion—in the future I would like to see a 'Herbie Annual' where old Herbie stories would be reprinted. I would also like to see other ACG annuals. A fan forever—

—Dale Blakeney,
3301 Cimarron, Midland, Texas."

When you read my book, Dale, you get real lowdown on history. Every word true, of course. Never lie. Keep watching . . . sometime soon, will bring you McCoy on Napoleon.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

Great, stunning, terrific, colossal and the comic with the most lollipop-bopping in the universe. I'm talking about 'Herbie'—the comic that will make your brains fall out! And I want to say that I'd like to see more 'Fat Fury' adventures!

—Antonio Austria,
6 Citadel Drive, Jackson, N. J. 08527."

Like this fella Antonio. Very smart. Knows how to use right words.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

One day I happened to be looking for a different kind of comic to read, I saw your picture and had to laugh. Then I read the book, and it was even funnier than you look! I showed it to my big brother, who said, 'Herbie looks so stupid that he's handsome!' And then he read it and went mad. If you ever stop your book, I'll bop you alongside the head with my tootsie-roll!

—Sammy Duyka,
617 Bell Street, Wharton, Texas."

Sometimes feel bad, Sammy, because of mistakes people make about me. Like thinking I'm funny-looking when am really unanimous choice for Mr. America. Real lover-type . . . women mad for me, men jealous. About your silly threat to me, am curious. Tootsie-rolls good for bopping?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

I think your comics book is the best ever put out. If something made me laugh like this, it had to be funny! When I got my first 'Herbie', I thought it would turn out to be just another run-of-the-mill comic. Wow! Was I ever wrong! I could go on and on about you, but sorry—no more paper to

write on! Please ask your sore-from-bopping Editor to put your comic out once a week!

—Paul Ruby,
14002½ Yukon Ave., Hawthorne, Cal."

Won't ask Editor anything, Paul . . . faints when he sees me coming. Howls even before I bop him . . . bleeds when I'm just in same room with him. Can't understand why he acts scared of sweet, lovable type like me. Anyway, don't feel I should come out once a week. Every day would be better.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

Listen to me! Your comic is great. You better let it stay that way. I just read No. 11—it was terrific. Are you thinking of coming out weekly? P.S.: Keep up the good work, or . . . Beware The B-Bomb, Buster!

—Jeffrey Pruski,
31 Guilford Court, East Haven, Conn."

You threatening me, Jeffrey? Admire your nerve, so have decided to let you live. About this weekly jazz, see what I said to Paul, preceding letter.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

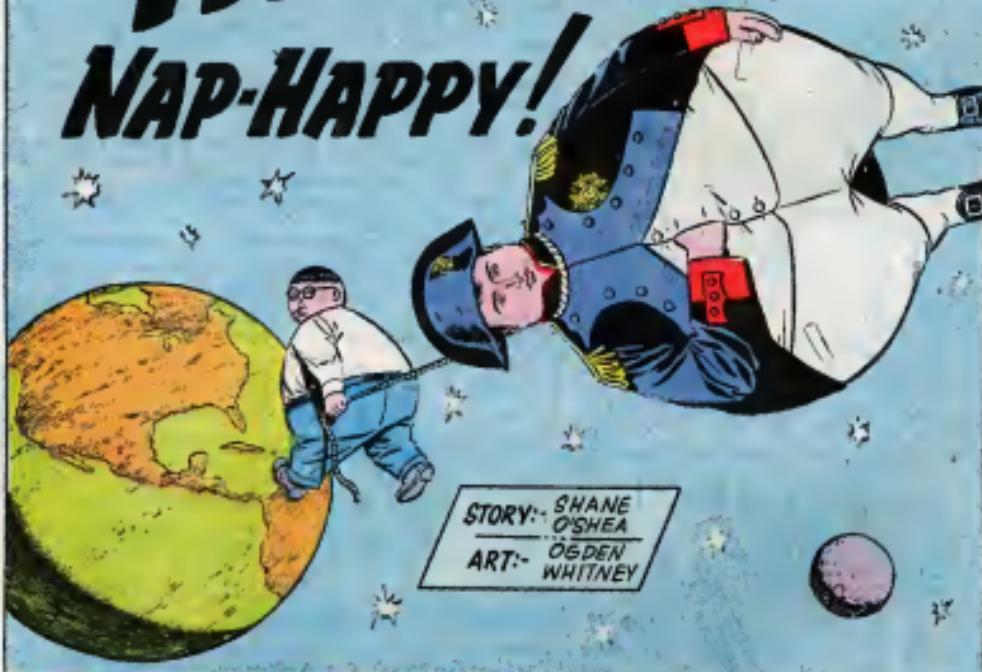
I would like to know how you (1) Got fat (2) Learned to like lollipops. (3) Walk on air and water. I've got to confess that I've missed a few of your issues—are you going to bop me with your lollipop? I hope not, since I still love what comics I have of yours. I think you're very good-looking, and I like lollipops just as much as you do. A pretty faithful fan who's hoping to keep what teeth he has—

—Ronnie Suptic,
9604 Windsor, Overland Park, Kansas."

Lot of information you want, Ronnie. Am good-natured type, so will give you answers. Born fat—gift from gods. And getting continually fatter. Can't have too much of good thing my motto. Also born loving lollipops, sure sign of excellent taste. With every day that passes, love them more, also positive sign of superior intelligence. Walking on air and water bit harder to come by as well as explain. Can only say that even air and water love me so much they don't want to let me down. Lastly, won't stand for your missing issues of my magazine. Will let you go unbopped if promise never to let it happen again. But next offense will definitely result in multiple contusions and lacerations.

GO AHEAD, FANS ... READ! AND WHILE YOU'RE READING, YOU'D BETTER LAUGH. SEE? NOT JUST ONE LAUGH, BUT LOTS OF 'EM, IF YOU VALUE YOUR TEETH! THE REASON? OUR PLUMP LUMP'S GOT YOU BUGGED, SO HELP US ... WITH SPECIAL INVISIBLE LOLLIPOPS THAT COUNT EVERY LAST CHUCKLE AND ROAR, IF YOU DON'T GIVE OUT WITH PLENTY IT'LL BE POW ... RIGHT IN THE KISSER! BETTER SPLIT YOUR SIDES OR OUR HERO WILL DO IT FOR YOU AS YOU CAST YOUR EYES OVER...

HERBIE goes NAP-HAPPY!



ALL YOU PARENTS
MUST REMEMBER
THAT A BOY NEEDS
THE PROPER TYPE
OF FRIENDS -- NORMAL,
AVERAGE, DOWN-TO-
EARTH FRIENDS...

I'LL BUY THAT.
MAYBE THAT'S
WHAT'S BEEN
WRONG WITH
OUR HERBIE!



SO DAD DECIDED TO OBSERVE HERBIE'S
FRIENDS VERY, VERY CAREFULLY. WELL --
HERBIE WAS VERY FRIENDLY WITH
PROFESSOR FLIPDOME, NEXT DOOR...

I'M GOING TO LET YOU HELP ON
MY NEW INVENTION, HERBIE.
YOU ADD AIR TO SYRUP, SO
IT'LL NEVER BE NECESSARY
TO BREATHE AGAIN. ALL YOU
DO IS ORDER A STACK OF
PANCAKES AND YOU'RE IN
BUSINESS.

GULP!
THIS
IS
NORMAL?



NEXT MORNING--?

SOMETHING--?

WHO
ARE
YOU?

I'M A HERBIE
FAN FROM THE
PLANET SAUERKRAUT.
READ YOUR BOOK EVERY
ISSUE AND HEY, GUY,
I CAME DOWN HERE
TO MEET YOU!

YIPE! THIS
IS DOWN-TO-
EARTH?

BiZZZZZZZ
HNNNNNN



NO SIR, I DON'T LIKE YOUR
FRIENDS ONE BIT! I WANT
SANE, NORMAL PEOPLE--
THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES
I'LL LET YOU PAL AROUND
WITH. THE NEXT TIME I
SEE YOU, IT'S GOT TO BE
WITH THAT KIND--
SANE AND NORMAL!
UNDERSTAND?

NOT SURE.
TRY HARD,
ANYWAY.



BUT HERBIE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO TRY--NOT
JUST THEN, ANYWAY. YOU SEE, HE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT WAS HAPPENING IN HIS FAVORITE
LOLLIPOP FACTORY, ATOP A CLOUD 3 MILES
DUE WEST OF THE UNKNOWN-- WHERE A
NEW DIRECTOR HAD JUST TAKEN OVER--

WHAT? ACCORDING TO
THE BOOKS, YOU'VE BEEN
SELLING TO A MORTAL--
A HUMAN NAMED
HERBIE POPNECKER!
WHY, THAT'S AGAINST
ALL REGULATIONS!

BUT MR. DIRECTOR
...THIS MORTAL IS
...WELL...
DIFFERENT!
HE'S NOT NEARLY
AS HUMAN AS
YOU THINK!



DON'T ARGUE! IF IT EVER BECAME KNOWN
THAT WE'D SOLD OUR LOLLIPOPS TO A
MORTAL, WE'D ALL LOSE OUR JOBS! AND
THAT COULD HAPPEN IF HE TALKED. THE
ONLY SAFE THING TO DO IS GET RID
OF HIM-- PUT HIM WHERE HE CAN'T
BETRAY US! NOW, HERE'S
MY IDEA--

!!?!



DIDN'T SEND
FOR YOU, GOT
PLenty OF
LOLLIPOPS,
ALL KINDS.

NOT THE NEW KIND
WE JUST DEVELOPED.
IT'S A TIME LOLLIPOP
YOU CAN USE WITHOUT
HAVING TO TRAVEL BACK
INTO TIME IN YOUR GRAND-
FATHER CLOCK!



ALL WE ASK IS THAT YOU GIVE IT A TRYOUT. USE THIS FREE SAMPLE AND JUST SEE IF IT DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE FASTEST, SMOOTHEST TIME TRIP YOU EVER HAD!

SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH. TRY GOING BACK TO TIME OF NAPOLEON --- NEVER VISITED WITH HIM YET. WORKS WELL, MAY GIVE YOU GOOD ORDER.

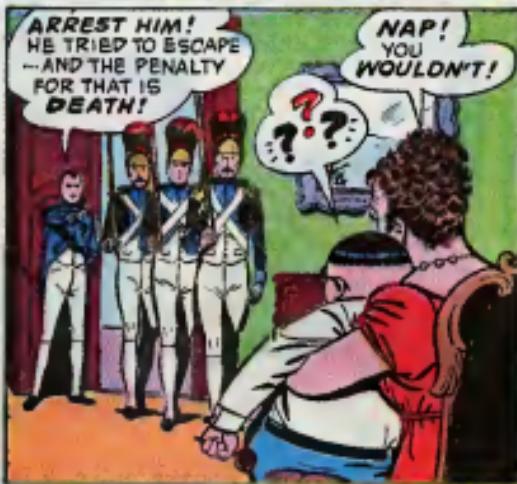
AND AS HERBIE THRUST THE NEW TIME LOLLIPOP INTO HIS MOUTH...

SEEMS PRETTY GOOD. NEVER SAW SUCH PICKUP.

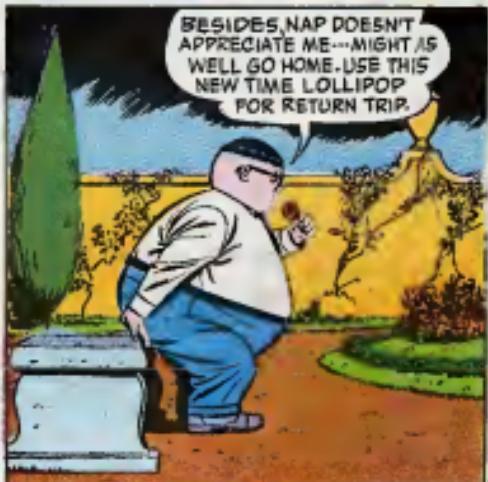
HA-HA! HE DOESN'T KNOW WE'VE GIVEN HIM A ONE-WAY TIME LOLLIPOP. HE'LL BE STRANDED BACK IN NAP'S TIME AND NEVER GET BACK TO CAUSE US TROUBLE!







(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



H-HELP! WHEREVER
YOU'RE GOING, TAKE
ME WITH YOU!

FIRST HAVE TO
FIGURE OUT HOW
TO GET BACK TO
20TH CENTURY
WITHOUT TIME
LOLLIPOP.



WAIT...GOT IDEA.
YOU TAKE ONE OF
THESE SPECIAL PURPOSE
LOLLIPOPS, I'LL TAKE
OTHER.



LET'S SEE, THIS IS
YEAR 1810 --- GOT TO
GET US BOTH 156
YEARS OLDER ---
THAT'LL MAKE
IT 1966
AGAIN.



W-WHERE
ARE WE...?

BACK IN MY
TIME ... 1966,
COME ALONG
... WORK TO
BE DONE.

OUT OF
THE WAY!



